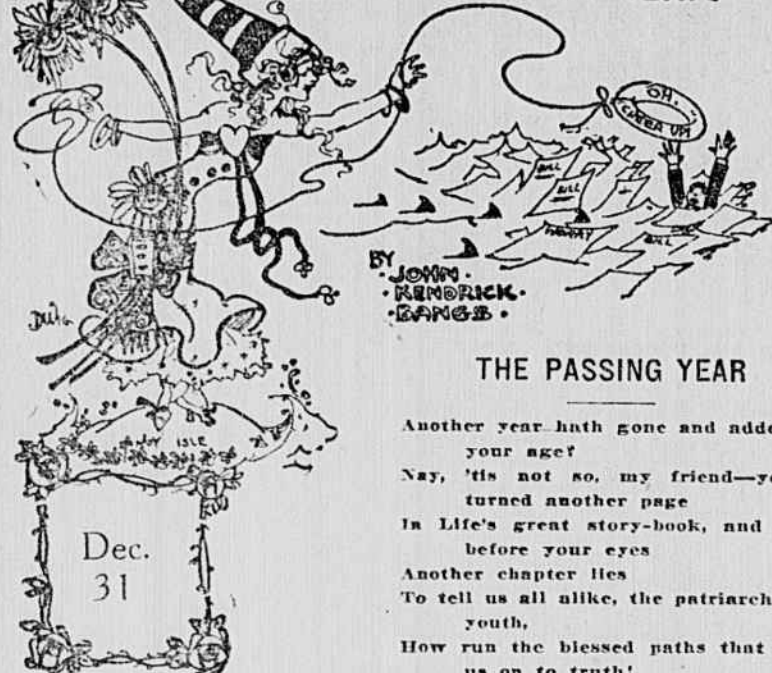


Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' TH' YEAR



THE PASSING YEAR

Another year hath gone and added to your age?
Nay, 'tis not so, my friend—you've turned another page
In life's great story-book, and now before your eyes
Another chapter lies
To tell us all alike, the patriarch and youth,
How run the blessed paths that lead us on to truth!

IF YOU CAN AFFORD EGGS

Eggs are expensive. There is no gaining that. But even when they are most expensive they still have the economical quality that they are nourishing, easily digested, and appetizing.

There is another point in favor of eggs, even when they are high-priced. One egg is sufficient for breakfast for most persons. Suppose it costs 6 or even 7 cents. One chop, unless it be thin, costs more than 10 cents, and with the present price of lamb in force.

Here is a savory egg dish: Put a tablespoonful of cream sauce in the bottom of a small custard cup. On it break an egg and cover it with another spoonful of sauce. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and grated cheese and brown in a moderately hot oven.

This is a good way to serve bacon and eggs—and if a big dish for many persons is to be made, one egg need not be allowed for each person. Beat the eggs in a bowl until they are frothy—say six of them. Add three tablespoonfuls of bacon, cooked and chopped. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and pour the eggs as soon as the butter is hot. When the egg begins to thicken break it up with a spoon and stir it until it is done. Take it from the stove before it gets too hard. It should be creamy when done. Sprinkle it with fried, browned bread crumbs and chopped parsley and serve hot.

Egg croquettes can be made in this way: Boil some eggs for ten minutes. Remove the shells and cut the eggs lengthwise in two. In the meantime, cook two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour together and add a cupful of milk, salt, pepper, mace and a little of chopped parsley. When this is mixed, add a cupful of cream and stir until thick and smooth. Then add two beaten egg yolks and cook for twenty minutes. Then fry in hot fat and serve with tomato sauce or cream sauce, to which chopped parsley has been added. The secret of making these egg croquettes properly is to work slowly, giving each successive coating time to harden and become firm before applying another. Whole eggs, cooked for only five minutes, may be used instead of the halved eggs.

This is a good rice and egg dish: Boil rice, and when it is flaky, drain it and put it in a dish. Boil some eggs and cut them in halves. Sprinkle them with oil and then pour over all enough well-seasoned tomato sauce to moisten thoroughly.

LITTLE ECONOMIES

Shoe lace tips often come off when the lace is at its best. In this case they may be replaced with impromptu tips of sealing wax. Cut the lace end, smear it over with sealing wax and press it to a point while the wax is still warm.

If potatoes are watery, scrub them and score the skin all the way round, but not deep. Then cook in salted water, leaving on the skin. The cracks will let out the moisture and the potatoes will be fluffy.

When buying apples, pick the heaviest and test the fruit by seeing if it yields to a thumb, if it yields, it is ripe and cracking sound.

For White Furs.
Furs are best preserved by rubbing in a generous amount of damp oil, after letting dry, shake and brush out thoroughly.

ROMAN SASH SASH



Which may be tied in a variety of ways.

LETTERS AND RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Martha Westover,
Richmond, Va.:

Dear Madam.—I am very much interested in the page devoted to the interest of women in The Times-Dispatch, and am enclosing a recipe which may be useful to some one. I think it splendid and would be glad for you to have it printed.

Batter Bread.

Mix one-half pint of flour, one pint of corn-meal, one-half teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of baking powder. Beat one egg until light and one pint of sweet milk or water; add these to the flour and meal and pour into a hot, well-greased pan and cook quickly.

I hope this may help some one.

MRS. R. L. TIMBERLAKE,
Santa Barbara, Isle of Pines, W. I.

Miss Martha Westover,
The Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.:
Dear Miss Westover,—I find your page very interesting and helpful, and I am enclosing a recipe for making chicken salad without using chicken, which I think is equally good and which some others would like.

MRS. F. C. SNEAD,
Etna Mills, Va.

Recipe.

Cut the white, lean meat from a well-cooked piece of fresh backbone of a hog. Cut in very small pieces, or better still, run it through a meat chopper. Cut three or four stalks of celery into small pieces and mix with the meat. Then make a nice salad dressing, either French or mayonnaise, whichever is preferred, and pour over it. This is just as nice as chicken salad, and very few people can tell the difference if nicely made.

MRS. F. C. SNEAD,
Etna Mills, Va.

Some Modish Colors.

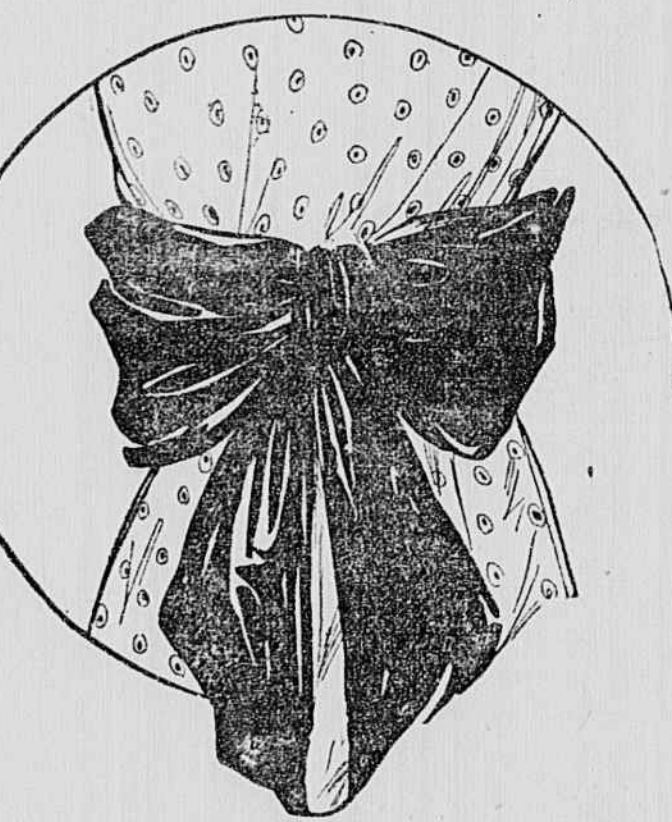
Ruby.
Brick.
Amber.
Thistle.
Corbeau.
Old rose.
Chartreuse.
Midnight blue.

The new dances call for short skirts and full ones.

Sweaters are dazzling with their vivid brilliancy of color.

Street costumes of velvet grow more and more elaborate.

HERE'S SASH AMPITUDE



The loops of some sashes are especially large.

GOOD PUT-UP LUNCHEONS

BY FRANCES MARSHALL.

Put-up lunches are a burden on the shoulders of many women. The occasional picnic lunch in the summer is easy enough to plan, although it may sometimes be difficult to prepare. But it occurs rather infrequently, and the appetites of those who eat it are keyed to the point where a put-up lunch must be eaten day after day is a different matter. It must be varied, tempting and nourishing. Moreover, it must be easy to carry.

There are so many bottles that keep liquids hot or cold, as the case may be, and they come in so many prices that almost anybody can possess one. At present there is a school lunch box—or any sort of lunch box, for that matter—that costs a dollar. It is neatly covered in an imitation of leather, is light and strong. There is a big compartment for the lunch, and in a little partition at one end a bottle holding a cupful of hot or cold liquids.

The possession of such a bottle makes the put-up lunch much easier to prepare. Here are suggestions for put-up lunches, with and without a bottle for hot or cold liquids.

Hot Lunches.
The school child's luncheon must be nourishing, and it must be satisfying. A lunch of bread and milk is nourishing, but it does not satisfy a craving for dainties. So their lunches must have variety. If they are monotonous the child will crave and doubtless eat candy and cakes bought at the shops and conveniently placed near schools.

Here are five lunches, suggestive of a week's menus, for a child up to ten or twelve, who possesses a bottle for hot liquids.
First day, vegetable soup, brown bread and butter sandwiches, sponge cake and some dates. Second day, egg sandwiches, hot cocoa, an orange and some molasses candy. Third day, warm milk flavored with nutmeg or vanilla, crisp wafers or crackers, a slice of cold chicken and a couple of plain drop cakes. Fourth day, hot cocoa, a hard-boiled egg, boiled thirty minutes to be digestible, and pepper and butter—white bread and butter sandwiches, a raw apple and some maple sugar. Fifth day, clear mutton broth, brown bread sandwiches, rice pudding, baked in a paper cake, or at least carried in one, and two or three figs.

For the older school child or for the young woman or man who for some

reason or other carries a lunch to work, the meal must be somewhat more elaborate and, in the case of boys, larger, than those already given. Here are a week's menus, suitable for a school teacher or other young woman who works, or for a young man.
First day, hot cocoa or tea—which should be poured from the grounds into the bottle after it has stood for two or three minutes—cold mutton sandwiches, a cherry heintz, chocolate cake and oranges. Second day, vegetable soup, lettuce sandwiches, deviled eggs, a tart and an apple. Third day, dried pea soup, brown bread and butter sandwiches, olives, potato salad and a chocolate cake. Fourth day, cold chicken sandwiches, a mound of tomato jelly, and a little mayonnaise in a paper cake, nuts and raisins. Fifth day, hot consommé, olive and egg sandwiches, slice of cold chicken, fruit and candy. For the young girl or boy in high school these menus can be simplified by using cocoa always instead of tea.

Cold Lunches.

The school child's lunch can be like those outlined even if it is cold, excepting that cold milk must be substituted for the warm beverage. In the case of the lunches for older persons, if there is no possibility of hot liquids with the lunch, there must be a frying pan, and when it is sizzling hot turn the minced meat into it and heat thoroughly; then turn out on slices of toast that have been dipped in hot salted water. This sort of lunch requires more than the usual amount of salt and pepper.

A delicious frozen dessert is made of one and one-half pints double cream, the grated rind of orange and the juice of two; six ounces of sugar and one-quarter pound stale macaroons, grated. Whip the cream, stir in the other ingredients and freeze.
To make silver pudding, dissolve one ounce gelatin in a cupful of water over the fire; add half pound of sugar. When cold, pour into a deep basin, and add the juice of two lemons and whites of two eggs. Whisk all until it is stiff and white. Pour into a mold to set.

An unusual sort of hash on toast is made of cold beefsteak. Remove every atom of fat and mince the steak. Prepare some browned butter gravy in a frying pan, and when it is sizzling hot turn the minced meat into it and heat thoroughly; then turn out on slices of toast that have been dipped in hot salted water. This sort of lunch requires more than the usual amount of salt and pepper.

FANCY COSTUME



DREAD INSOMNIA

And How Not to Encourage This Monster.

Every cause capable of increasing the amount of blood ordinarily circulating through the brain has a tendency to cause wakefulness, says a writer in the Family Doctor. If the brain is often kept for long periods on the stretch, during which the blood vessels are filled to repletion, they cannot contract even when the exciting causes cease.

Wakefulness, as a consequence, results, and every day the condition of the individual becomes worse, because time brings the force of habit into operation. Everything that has a tendency to send the blood unduly to the brain, or to accumulate it there, should be avoided. This is extremely important, and is a case of prevention being better than cure.

Tight or ill-fitting articles of dress, especially about the neck or waist, and tight boots and shoes must be avoided. The circulation must be promoted by changing the socks often and keeping the feet warm.

Apart from physical causes, there are various moral causes acting on the brain equally injurious to sleep. What ever keeps the attention fully aroused keeps the blood vessels of the brain distended, and the consequence is insomnia. On the other hand, when the attention begins to flag, the tendency is to contract and for sleep to ensue.

A New Poultry Feeder.

A most practical poultry-feeding device has just been patented. It consists of a stone jug of a capacity of six and eight quarts, and so heavy that the birds cannot upset it. It is fitted with a wire grid to be placed on top of the feed, thus preventing all waste of dry feed. It is also equipped with a wire guard, secured to the sides and extending over the top, at the same time supporting the handle. This device prevents the birds standing upon the edges, making it most practical, simple and sanitary.

MOTORISTS' COMPLEXION

Water Immediately Before or After a Run Hurts Skin.

Many people find that their complexions suffer considerably from the exposure that motoring entails, but the application of a good face cream and a little fine powder before setting out will be found to be a great protection.

It is too strenuous to wash the face in water after a long run; cream should again be used to remove all dust, and a soothing lotion applied after the former has been carefully wiped away.

Some women have a great objection to goggles, on the plea that they are extremely unbecoming, but for a long run the wise woman will realize that the strain on the eyes produces lines and "crow's-feet," and that it is far better to wear a pair of goggles than to risk a permanent harm.

A very smart idea in a motor coat, carried out in royal blue duvetyn, with white cloth cuffs and revers, shows at the neck a high folded handkerchief-shaped collar of civet fur. The large muff and becoming toque to match are also made in civet, the latter trimmed with white and royal blue ribbed silk, and a blue chiffon veil.

An Embroidery Feature.

While we are on the subject of embroidery, it is well to mention a feature in the coming spring and summer embroideries. This is the partially cut-out embroidery designs seen on the collars and cuffs of the new blouses. They are very fetching, for frequently the design represents a single object, such as a rose, a butterfly or an oak leaf, boldly embroidered in rich, natural colorings. The design occupies the centre of each cuff and the ends of the collar. Buttonhole and outline stitch are combined in these.

Dress Accessories.

Waistcoats and sashes show the most surprising diversity—both in form and fabric.

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Challis Wrاندall is found dead in a room. His widow, accidentally meeting the girl, Hetty Castleton, who had been with him the night before, offers her home. The two women return from a long trip and find the dead body of their brother, falls desperately in love with her, and offers her a detective, suspecting Mrs. Wrاندall of having committed the murder, but offers to drop the trail for a price. Mrs. Wrاندall, the elder, discards the death by a clever falsehood, but Mrs. Wrاندall agrees to pay the man his price because he had tried to "give her a chance." Brandon Booth, a friend of Leslie's, also falls in love with the girl, who returns his love, and fuses to marry him, telling him that some what he has known for a long time—that once posed, as Hetty Glynn, an actress, for another artist. She convinces Mrs. Wrاندall that she went to the inn with Wrاندall in innocence. Leslie again urges his suit and Mrs. Wrاندall insists that she wait for him. Upon her refusal, the two women separate, the girl going to England, and Leslie to tell him her secret, and in Lucerne she meets America to learn it. In Lucerne she meets her father, Colonel Castleton, and Leslie, who tells her that he is going to marry her. Mrs. Wrاندall also tells her that she is going to marry him. Mrs. Wrاندall also tells her that she is going to marry him. Mrs. Wrاندall also tells her that she is going to marry him.

He sent the maid from the room, and retired with Miss Castleton to the innermost of his private offices, where without much preamble he informed her that he knew everything. Moreover, Mr. Booth was in possession of all the facts and figures for Europe to see her. Of course, his letter had failed to reach her in time. There was quite a tragic scene in the seclusion of that room. Once, during which Mr. Carroll with his eyes and face, his nose more than once, after which he took it upon himself to despatch a messenger to Sara with the word that he and Miss Castleton would present themselves within half an hour after his note had been delivered.

A telegram already had come from Smith in the far-away Montana town, transmitting news that distressed him more than he cared to admit. The girl was lying at the point of death, and he was in a very hard time of it trying to keep the result of authorities from swooping down upon her for the antemortem statement they desired. It would appear that he averted just in time to put courage into the girl. He would give it that statement she made would be the truth! But Mr. Carroll was not so sure of Smith's ability to avert disaster. He knew something of the terror of the third degree, and he would fight hard for vindication.

The meeting between Sara and Hetty was affecting. . . . Almost immediately the former began to show the most singular signs of imbecility. She laughed and cried and, obviously quivering, protested that she was feeling quite well again! And, in truth, she got up from the couch on which she reclined and insisted on being dressed for dinner, in another room the amazed nurse was frantically appealing to Mr. Carroll to let her send for the doctor, only to be confounded by his urbane announcement that Mrs. Wrاندall was as "right as a string" and, please God, she would keep her wits about her for years to come. Then he asked the nurse if she had ever heard of a disease called "nostalgia."

She said she had heard of "homesickness."

"Well, that's what ailed Mrs. Wrاندall," he said. "Miss Castleton is the cure."

Booth came the next morning. . . . Even as she lay passive in his arms, Hetty denied him. Her arms were around his neck as she miserably whispered that she could not, would not be his wife, notwithstanding her love for him and his readiness to accept her as she was. She was obstinate, lovingly, tenderly obstinate. He would have despaired but for Sara, to whom he afterwards appealed.

"Wait," was all that Sara had said, but he took her word. He was beginning to look upon her as a sorceress. A week ago he had felt sorry for her; his heart had been touched by her transparent misery. To-day he saw her in another light altogether; as the determined, resolute, calculating woman who, having failed to attain a certain end, was now intensely, keenly interested in the development of another of a totally different nature. He could not feel sorry for her to-day.

Hetty deliberately placed herself in the hands of the withdrawing from the conference shortly before Vivian's arrival to give herself over to gloomy conjectures as to the future, not only for herself, but for the man she loved and the woman she despised. Something of the fidelity of a beaten dog.

Carroll had in his hand the second telegram from Smith, just received. "This relieves the situation somewhat," he observed, with a deep sigh. "She's dead, and she didn't give in, thanks to Smith. Rather clever of him to get statements from the witnesses, and the chief of police. It puts an end to everything so far as she is concerned."

"Read again, Mr. Carroll, what she had to say about me," said Sara, a slight tremor of emotion in her voice.

He read from the lengthy telegram: "She wants me to thank Mrs. Wrاندall for all she has done to make her last few months happy ones, such as they were. She admits that she realizes all the more because she realizes that her benefactress must have known everything. Almost the last words she spoke were in the nature of a sort of prayer that God would forgive her for what she had done to Mrs. Wrاندall."

"Poor girl! She could not have known that it was justice, not sentiment that moved me to provide for her," said Sara.

"Well, she is off our minds, at any rate," said the matter-of-fact lawyer. "Now are you both willing to give serious consideration to the plan I propose? Take time to think it over. No harm will come to Miss Castleton, I am confident. There will be a nine days' sensation, but, after all, it is the best thing for everybody. You propose living and dead, do you, so what are the odds if—"

"I shan't live abroad unless Hetty reconsiders her decision to not marry me," said the young man dully. "Gad, Sara, you must convince her that I love her better than she loves me. I told her so, but she wouldn't believe it. As I said before, wait! And now, Mr. Carroll, I have this to say to your suggestion: I for one am relentlessly opposed to the plan you advocate. There is no occasion for the plan I propose to the public. A trial, you say, would be a mere formality. I am not so sure of that. Why put poor Hetty's head in the lion's mouth at this late stage, after I have protected her so carefully all these months? Why take the risk? We know she is innocent. Isn't it enough that we acquit her in our hearts? No, I cannot consent, and I hold both of you to your promise."

"There's nothing more I can say, my dear Sara," said Carroll, shaking his head gloomily, "except to urge you to think it over very seriously. Remember, it may mean a great deal to her, and to our eager young friend here. Years from now, like a bolt from the sky, the truth may come out in some way. Think of what it would mean then."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Alphabet of Tiny Tots



Zaidi, off in Zanzibar
Hasn't much to wear,
But it's hot in Africa,
So he doesn't care.
This little, dark-brown laddie
Lives in a funny hut,
Underneath the graceful
palms
That bear the cocognut!

Elizabeth Kirkman